



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

son could not have just a little bit of human nature infused into his acting.

Mr. Morton's Gaffer Hexham is, as everything that this gentleman does, good.

Mr. Studley's Rogue Riderhood may be placed in the same category.

I must not forget to give a word of praise to Mr. E. Gilbert, who, as George Sampson, is very amusing. This gentleman has done some very clever things lately, and if he but persevere, will in time become an excellent actor.

But the bright particular star of "Our Mutual Friend" is Mr. J. H. Stoddart, who, as Mr. Boffin, appears to be the living incarnation of the lively and amusing spirit of Dickens. From the beginning to the end of the play he is excellent beyond comparison, and keeps the house in a continuous roar of laughter, and were it not for his most excellent acting, I am afraid that the success of the play would be rather doubtful. Mr. Stoddart is a most thorough artist in every sense of the word, and is fifty per cent. better an actor than one half the so-called "stars" that now and then attempt to dazzle the eyes of us New Yorkers.

The Winter Garden has recovered from its late severe attack of "acute Hiberniana," and has the disease now in the much milder and decidedly more agreeable form of Mr. John Brougham—true artist and clever dramatist—who opened last week in his exquisite comedy of "Playing with Fire," sustaining himself the part of Dr. Savage, which he plays to the life. It is always a pleasure to see Mr. Brougham, for there is so much real nature and *bonhomie* about his acting that you go away pleased with him, both as an actor and as a man, yourself, and all the world beside. The support afforded Mr. Brougham is good, with the exception of a Miss Prentice, who has evidently mistaken her sphere: she would much better grace the walks of private life than the stage.

Mr. J. G. Burnett has been added to the Winter Garden company, and, as Uncle Timothy, gives us one of those personations of old men which no man knows better how to render than he.

"Pocahontas" is underlined, with Mr. Brougham as the jolly old Powhatan. It is needless to say that the chances of uproarious fun at the Winter Garden are very large.

At the Broadway Theatre Miss Helen Western has been doing the "French Spy," and doing it well. Miss Western is perhaps the best exponent of the "muscular drama" that we have.

At Wood's Theatre the Worrell Sisters have produced the "Invisible Prince," and this, with the exploits of Young Nicolo on the trapeze, forms a most amusing programme. The Worrell Sisters are three very talented young ladies, and are destined in time to "make their mark"—not but what they have achieved considerable success already, but they are capable of doing better things than they have done as yet.

The French Theatre has been opened, and with great success. I have not as yet been able to visit it, but hope to do so during the ensuing week.

The Buislay Family, of whom the California papers give most glowing accounts, are shortly to appear at the New Bowery Theatre in a grand romantic, melodramatic—and all the other "ics"—drama entitled the "Sheep's Foot." Let us hope that it will not be so sheep-headish as many of the other melodramatic melodramas that we poor Gothamites are often treated to.

SHUGGE.

TO M. L. P.

BY "JEEMS PIPES OF PIPESVILLE."

1.

I think I see thee, as I gaze
At eve, upon the starlit sky—
For all that's pure and beautiful,
With thee, has mystic sympathy!

2.

At dewy morn the fragrant breeze
Seems like the whisper of thy voice,
And as I wander, every bird
Seems in thy virtues to rejoice.

3.

The little violet that peeps
So coy above its forest bed,
Fit emblem of thy modesty,
I see not—but thy face instead.

4.

Yes! fairest to thy influence
That gives to song its tone;
If memory dwelt not still on thee,
Its fascination all were gone!

5.

Smi'e then—oh! smile upon my love,
For thou canst by thy frown
For ever, ever, from my lips,
My cup of earthly bliss dash down!

A LETTER FROM THEODORE EISFELD.

We have received the subjoined letter from our very dear friend, Theodore Eisfeld. We publish it against the partial protest of our friend, because we know that hundreds of our readers will be glad to hear from him and to know of his whereabouts, for few men in the profession have won, by sheer moral and personal worth, joined to high professional ability, so many warm and constant friends in all circles, as Theodore Eisfeld. We shall therefore only ask his forgiveness for our friendly breach of trust.

FRANKFORT, May 16, 1866.

H. C. WATSON, Esq.,

MY DEAR FRIEND: Through all the past winter I have lived constantly in hopes that you would be kind enough to write me a few lines. I longed so much to hear from you—not from the Editor, H. C. Watson, about music and the arts generally, no—but I wanted news from my old friend, Sir Henry, my worthy art-fellow, who has always been so kind to me, in whose house I was sure to be a welcome visitor, etc., etc. Yes, yes, I must know how you live at home, with your amiable lady and your dear little fellow (Henry II.). I know very well that you have little time and leisure for a mere correspondence of friendship, but once in a long time you might sacrifice a few minutes to an old friend. You can be sure that I would now and then have given you some news about music in Germany, but I found out that you have such excellent correspondents that my news would have been later than you can get them from English papers: *Musical World*, etc. Here let me tell you that your highly valued *Art Journal* has constantly been *a week behind* the other New York papers to which I am subscriber. This is a proof that it has never been sent in time

to the Post Office, *i. e.* every Saturday morning before 10 o'clock. Thus, with the mark of "per German Steamer," it has been laid over for a whole week before it left New York. I received the first number of the *American Art Journal* (of April 25th) but yesterday, May 14th. The *Weekly Times* and other papers of Saturday, April 28th, I had already two days before.

Apropos of this very number, there is a statement which I have to correct. It is said that the rich people of Frankfort did not support a great opera. Now, my dear Sir Henry, allow me to give you the *repertoire* of last winter, as well as I remember it.

Operas by Mozart—Idomeneo, Cosi fan Tutte, Don Giovanni, Magic Flute, Le Nozze de Figaro, and (for the first time, till now, the *nowhere* performed posthumous opera,) Zaide.

Beethoven's Fidelio, about 5 times.

Meyerbeer—Robert, Huguenots, Prophet, Di-
nora, L'Africaine, about 20 times.

Halevy's Jewess.

Marchner's Templar and Jewess.

Spoehr's Jessonda.

Nicolai's Merry Wives of Windsor.

Mendelssohn's Operetta—The Stranger.

Lortzing—The two Sharpshooters, The Poacher, Czar and Carpenter.

Méhul's Joseph.

Boieldieu's—Dame Blanche, Jean de Paris.

Gluck's Armida.

Auber—Metta de Portici, Fra Diavolo, Le Maçon, La Fiancée.

Verdi—Ernani, Traviata, Trovatore.

Donizetti—Lucia, Lucretia.

Bellini—Norma, Puritani, Sonnambula.

Cherubini—Les deux Journées, Medea.

Gounod—Faust and Marguerite.

Rossini—Tell, Barber, Othello, etc., etc.

I am sure I have forgotten some, but I think this is a good *repertoire*, and there is no theatre in Europe that has a better one. All seats, with few exceptions in the house, are subscribed for by the year, *no dead heads!!!*

DUSSELDORF, May 23, 1866.

There has been a little interruption in this letter, as I had to go to the great Musical Festival at Dusseldorf, to which I got a flattering invitation as "Honorary guest." I wish you could have been here, my dear friend, though you might have found fault with some things, you would have enjoyed many of the performances greatly. With very few words, I shall give you my views about the whole. *But mind*, I don't wish you to publish my letters in your paper, at least not verbally, as my Eng'ish is not good enough. If you can make use of my sayings and my name for your paper, you are perfectly welcome, but I would not make your (250 millions) readers believe that I write to you, Sir Henry, from mere vanity to have my name in the papers.

The following is a list of performers at the Dusseldorf Musical Festival:

Conductor, Mr. O. Goldschmidt and Tausch, 2
Soloists, vocal and instrumental, 10

12

CHORUS.

Sopranis,	216
Altos,	181
Tenors,	188
Basses,	200

785

INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS,

Organist, Mr. Weber from Cologne,	1
Harps,	2
Violins,	50